

THE EARTH GIRLED.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S LATEST BOOK OF TRAVEL.

His Vivid Record of a Unique Journey. How an Eminent Word Painter Has Depicted Some of the Earth's Rarest Marvels—An Interesting Work.

Rev. Dr. Talmage would have made a capital newspaper correspondent. Nobody has keener perceptions as to what interests the public, and his ability to depict it in picturesque English cannot be surpassed. The advance sheets of his latest and greatest literary production have been, through the courtesy of Mr. H. S. Smith, president of the Historical Publishing Company of Philadelphia, furnished to the public. The book bears a title that is in itself characteristic of Dr. Talmage, so great is it, so comprehensive and yet so simple—"The Earth Girled." As is suggested by the name, it is a record of a trip around the world—a wonderful journey filled with all sorts of scenes and incidents, bizarre, beautiful, pathetic and instructive, as well as intensely interesting, and sketched by the master hand of a word artist so deft and exact that the reader's senses are all kept alert—and the personal is more an experience than a mere mental act.

After thoroughly digesting the 504 pages of magnificent material one cannot avoid the conclusion that it is one of the most interesting and valuable books of travel that ever came from the press. The volume is richly garnished with illustrations, of which there are more than 400. Among them are a number of photographs in color, produced by a new process. These are highly artistic and beautiful, and form a special feature of this attractive volume. The letterpress is extremely handsome and clear, and the binding will be of sets to suit purchasers; hence, you see, it is not hard to sum up and say that the book is in all respects charming.

Anything like detailed comment upon the various subdivisions of the work is, of course, beyond the purpose and the scope of this notice. To summarize, it may be said that Dr. Talmage's travels embraced, first, a large portion of our own country, traversed in his passage from Brooklyn through the southern states and territories to San Francisco. From the Golden Gate he sailed for Hawaii, Samoa and the Sandwich Islands generally, after which he visited in turn New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, India, Egypt, portions of Asia, Syria, Palestine, Greece, Italy, Europe, Russia, the British Isles, etc., constituting the most wonderful and stupendous journey ever undertaken and accomplished in any age of the world.

The object of the famous preacher in making this remarkable circuit of the earth was to study the various religions and superstitions of the different nations and races of mankind, compare their results with Christianity and leave a permanent record for the enlightenment of future generations. This was his aim. He has accomplished it and much more.



THE MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

[The sight that enthralled Dr. Talmage.] sides. He has stamped upon each page his strong personality and brightened every paragraph with the brilliancy of his imagery and artistic depiction and warmed it with the fervor of his dauntless optimism. In the pursuit of his great purpose he carefully studied Mohammedanism, Confucianism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, Lamaism, Feichism, cannibalism, infanticide, savagery and all the darker shades of fanaticism that curse and degrade the peoples of the heathen world. His pilgrimage was out of the ordinary lines of travel, and his experiences were striking and unique, and this fact, supported by his natural originality of thought and expression, gives his book a peculiar and delightful freshness and novelty which cannot be found in other books of travel.

With that directness and strong earnestness for which he is noted, the author plunges at once into the current of his subject and puts into a sentence or two his tender love taking of his family. Its very abruptness makes it tender. He tells of his pained thoughts of the possibilities of misfortune to his family and casualties to himself that may transpire during the accomplishment of the long journey that is before him and stops suddenly with "May the God who holds the winds in one fist and the ocean in the hollow of the other hand protect us."

As a complex instance of graphic description, wonderful imagery and dramatic apostrophe, perhaps no finer citation could be made than that passage of the book in which Dr. Talmage describes his sensations as he stood on Lookout mountain, Tennessee, and lost himself in solemn retrospection.

"I took a carriage and wound up Lookout mountain. Up, up, up! Standing there on the tip-top I saw five states of the Union. Scenery stupendous and overwhelming! One almost is disposed to take off his hat in the presence of what seems to be the grandest prospect on this continent. There is Missionary Ridge, the beach against which the red billows of Federal and Confederate courage surged and broke. There are the Blue mountains of North and South Carolina. With strain of vision, there is Kentucky, there is Virginia. At our feet, Chattanooga and Chickamauga, the pronunciation of which proper names will thrill ages to come with thoughts of valor and desperation and agony. Looking each way and any way from the top of that mountain, earthworks, earthworks—the beautiful Tennessee winding through the valley, curling and coiling around, making letter S after letter S, as if that letter stood for shame that brothers should have gone into massacre with each other while God and nations looked on.

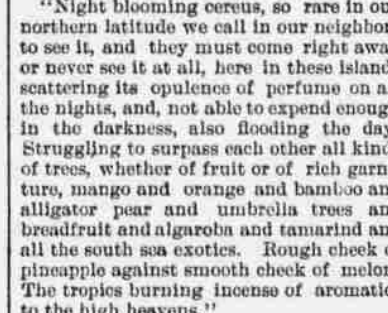
"I have stood on Mount Washington, and on the Sierra Nevada, and on the Alps, but I never saw so far as from the top of Lookout mountain. I looked back 81 years, and I saw rolling up the side of that mountain the smoke of Hooker's storming party while the foundations of eternal rock quaked with cannonade. Four years of internecine strife seemed to come back, and without any chronological order I saw the events: Norfolk navy yard on fire, Chambersburg on fire, Columbus, S. C., on fire; Richmond on fire. And I saw Ellsworth fall, and Lyon fall, and MePherson fall, and Bishop Polk fall, and Stonewall Jackson fall. And I saw hundreds of grave trenches afterward cut into two great gashes across the land, the one for the dead men of the north, the other for the dead men of the south. And my soul as well as my eye was quickened, and I heard the tramp of onrushing armies, and heard the explosion of mines and gunpowder magazines, and the crash of fortification walls, and the swampy angel, and the groan of dying hosts falling across the

possessors of other dying hosts. And I saw still further out, and I saw on the banks of the Potomac, and the Oregon, and the Ohio, and the Hudson, and the Roanoke, and the Yazoo, and the Alabama, widowhood and orphanage and childlessness—some exhausted in grief and some stark and dead. And I said: 'Enough, enough have I seen into the past from the top of Lookout mountain. O God, show me the future!'

Great nature has never found an apter pupil than Dr. Talmage. Her handiwork is plain to him, her hieroglyphs and monuments on rocky wall or mountain top are to him filled with deep significance. Thus when a grand landmark of a western state met his eye it was hailed as but another special revelation of Omnipotence. "Do you know," says he, "what in some respects is the most remarkable thing between the Atlantic and Pacific? It is the figure of a cross on a mountain in Colorado. It is called the 'Mount of the Holy Cross.' A horizontal crevice filled with perpetual snow, and a perpendicular crevice filled with snow, but both the horizontal line and the perpendicular line so marked, so bold, so significant, so unmistakable, that all who pass in the daytime within many miles are compelled to see it. There are some figures, some contours, some mountain appearances, that you gradually make out upon your attention is called to them. So a man's face on the rocks in the White mountains. So a maiden's form cut in the granite of the Adirondacks. So a city in the morning clouds. Yet you have to look under the pointing of your friend or guide for some time before you can see the similarity. But the first instant you glance at this side of the mountain in Colorado you cry out: 'A cross! A cross!' Do you say that this geological inscription just happens so? Nothing in this world just happens so. That cross on the Colorado mountain is not a human device, or an accident of nature, or the freak of an earthquake. The hand of God cut it there and set it up for the nation to look at. Whether set up in rock before the cross of wood was set up on the bluff back of Jerusalem or set at some time since that assassination, I believe the Creator meant it to suggest the most notable event in all the history of this planet, and he hung it there over the heart of his nation to indicate that the only hope for this nation is in the cross on which our Immanuel died. The clouds were vocal at our Saviour's birth, the rocks rent at his martyrdom. Why not the walls of Colorado bear the record of the crucifixion?"

Down in the southwestern sea Dr. Talmage found Hawaii—found it in a sense that perhaps no other has found it—as the very heaven of flowers. How his whole sentiment so revels in the bounteous richness and variety of floral exuberance of this sunny island! Hear him: "Banks of flowers white as snow, or blue as skies, or yellow as sunsets, or starry as November nights, or red as battlefields. A heaven of flowers. Flowers intertwined in maidens' hair, and twisted round hats, and hung on necks, and embroidered on caps and socks. Tuberoses, gardenias, magnolias, passifloras, trumpet creepers, oleanders, geraniums, fuchsias, convolvuli and hibiscus red as fire. Jasmine, which we in America carefully coax to climb the wall, just here runs rampant up and down, and jumping over the other side and coming back again to jump down this side. "Night blooming cereus, so rare in our northern latitude we call in our neighbors to see it, and they must come right away or never see it at all. In these islands scattering its opulence of perfume on all the nights, and not able to expend enough in the darkness, also flooding the day. Struggling to surpass each other all kinds of trees, whether of fruit or of rich garniture, maroon and orange and banana and alligator pear and umbrellia trees and breadfruit and algaroba and tamarind and all the south sea exotics. Rough cheek of pineapple against smooth cheek of melon. The tropics burning incense of aromatics to the high heavens.

In another vein the doctor writes of the degraded Samoans, the murderous Maoris and the general racial characteristics of the other natives of those odd, picturesque islands. Farther along we find him weaving in-laudable word gardens about his memories of Australia and the beautiful harbor of Sydney. But he finds that tropic land too prolific of snakes and in a species of half-aboriginal humor discourses of the 88 kinds of reptiles Australia affords. An intensely interesting and descriptive chapter is the one devoted to a visit to the author's visit to a Buddhist college in Ceylon. A portion of this may be quoted: "Among the first visited was a Buddhist college. About 100 men studying to become priests gathered around the teachers.



RAMOAN GIRLS MAKING KAVA.

Stepping into the building where the high priest was instructing the class, we took on an apologetic air and told him we were Americans and would like to see his mode of teaching if he had no objections. Whereupon he began, doubled up as he was on a lounge with his right hand playing with his toes. In his left hand he held a package of bamboo leaves on which were written words of the lesson, each student holding a similar package of bamboo leaves. The high priest first read, and then one of his students read. A group of us finely formed young men as I ever saw surrounded the venerable instructor. The last word of each sentence was intoned. Not able to understand what was said, there is a look of language and intonation that is the same among all races. That the Buddhists have full faith in their religion no one can doubt—that is, in their opinion, the way to heaven. What Mohammed is to the Mohammedan and what Christ is to the Christian, Buddha is to the Buddhist."

I cannot pass from this portion of the work without quoting a characteristic, ejaculatory outburst concerning the beautiful trees that embower this locality so densely: "Oh, the trees of Ceylon! May you live to behold the tropic climbing down their branches, or the evening tipping their leaves with amber and gold! I forgive the Buddhists for the worship of trees until they know of the God who made the trees."

In the author found rich material. The horrors and grim grandeur of pagan superstition struck him more forcibly than anything else. The ghastly burial rites of this peculiar people riveted his attention in a most unpleasant way, held him by a spell of horror. His account of a Hindoo funeral, couched in crisp, photographic English, is a very gem of simplicity and strength. Here is a part of it: "From A Findlay Mother. "Having used Dr. Hand's Cough Cure for my baby, I can fully recommend it. I have used a great many medicines for baby colic, and none have done so much good. I will hereafter use no other remedy for colicky babies—Mr. L. Tamm's Cough Cure, Dr. Hand's Cough Cure, Dr. Hand's Teething Lozenges and all of Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children sold by all druggists for 25c.

"We got into a boat and were rowed down the river Ganges until we came opposite to where five dead bodies lay, four



MODERATE CRUCIFIXION OF CRIMINALS IN INDIA.

of them women wrapped in red garments and a man wrapped in white. Our boat fastened, we waited and watched. High piles of wood were on the bank, and this wood is carefully weighed on large scales, according as the friends of the deceased can afford to pay for it. In many cases only a few sticks are used, but the dead body is turned only a little and then thrown into the Ganges. But where the relatives of the deceased are well to do an abundance of wood in pieces 4 or 5 feet long is purchased. Two or three layers of sticks are then put on the ground to receive the dead form. Small pieces of sandalwood are inserted to produce fragrance. The deceased is lifted from the resting place and put upon this wood. Then the cover is removed from the face of the corpse, and it is bathed with the water of the Ganges. Then several more layers of wood are put upon the body, and other sticks are placed on both sides of it, but the head and feet are left exposed. Then a quantity of grease sufficient to make everything inflammable is put on the wood and into the mouth of the dead. Then one of the

richest men in Benares, his fortune made in this way, furnishes the fire, and after the priest has mumbled a few words the eldest son walks three times around the sacred pile and then applies the torch, and the fire blazes up, and in a short time the body has become the ashes which the relatives throw into the Ganges."

But the temptation to further expatiate upon the varied delights afforded the reader of this wonderful and valuable book must be foregone. Beguiled by the beauties of the ever lifting horizon of this unparalleled panorama of the world, I have extended this review far beyond my intentions, and still the inclination is strong upon me to say more in praise of it. At any rate, there is one thing of which I am assured—whenever a part of it will read it all and will then see how very few of its many virtues I have been able to set forth.

WALTER J. DAVIS.

Old People.
Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey or other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding nature in the performance of the functions about these deep-seated troubles originate. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents per bottle at D. J. Humphrey's Drug Store.

An "Adam Tree" in the Sky.
In parts of Germany, when the evening clouds mount high and become narrow and many branched, so as to bear some resemblance to a gigantic tree, the peasants speak of the phenomenon as being an "Adam tree" or an "Abraham tree." How or where the curious superstition about these deep-seated troubles originated no one knows, but the stories which are told regarding them are many and varied in character. The "bloody Adam tree" is supposed to appear before any great national disaster, just as the "white lady" makes her appearance prior to a death in the royal family. Before the great famine of 1178 the "Adam tree" appeared "in all its parts like a gigantic tree, but with withered leaves and dead and decaying fruit" seemingly hanging from its branches." In 1845, when the plague was raging throughout Europe, "Adam trees of awful

portent" appeared in the skies and were seen from Italy to France, and in all cases grinning skeletons, and friends appeared hanging to or sporting in the branches." In modern times the "Adam tree" regulates nothing but the weather. When the German, Russian or Italian possessors see what we call "mackerel sky," he says: "We shall have wind, Adam's tree is putting forth leaves." If the "leaves" appear white and are seen in the morning, rain may be looked for. If the branches and leading out takes place in the afternoon, it is a sign of fine weather.—St. Louis Republic.

Napoleon's Endurance.
"Labor is my element," he remarked, on the dreary life almost amid the pangs of dissolution. "I have found the limit of my strength in eye and limb. I have never found the limit of my capacity for work." This was certainly true of his five days' fight at Eckmuhl. "His majesty is well," wrote Berthier on the 24th, "and endures according to his general habit the exertion of mind and body." Once more his enemy was not annihilated, but this contentment and high spirits seem natural to common minds, which recall that in a week he had evolved order from chaos and had stricken a powerful united foe, cutting his line in two and sending one portion to the right about in utter confusion.—Professor Sienne's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.



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THE AMERICAN BALL BLUE
is not poisonous or injurious to health or fabrics. It is the delight of the laundress, aids in bleaching and gives the washing a rich and elegant hue. Beware of imitations. Ask your grocer for the AMERICAN BALL BLUE and be sure you get the genuine article, which has a red stripe in the middle of the package.

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Bigotry.
Bigotry has no head and cannot think; no heart and cannot feel. When she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is in a snarl. Her prayers are curses; her God is a demon; her communion is death; her vengeance is eternity; her dialogue written in the blood of her victims, and if she stops a moment in her infernal flight it is upon a kindred rock, to what her vulture fang for a more sanguinary desolation.—Daniel O'Connell.

Wabash Line
NAPOLÉON.

GOING WEST.
St. Louis Accom. No. 9—8:30 p.m.—Sun only. St. Louis Lim. No. 6—6:15 p.m.—Daily. Fast Mail No. 1—5:15 p.m.—Daily. Kansas City Exp. No. 7—11:15 a.m.—Daily. St. Wayne Accom. No. 11—10:15 a.m.—Daily. Pacific Express No. 3—8:45 a.m.—Daily. Local Freight No. 71—9:30 p.m.—Daily. No. 1 and No. 7 do not stop at Napoleon.

GOING EAST.
N. Y. & Boston, Ltd. No. 2—6:24 a.m.—Daily. Toledo Accom. No. 19—7:36 a.m.—Daily. Fast Mail No. 4—1:35 p.m.—Daily. Atlantic Exp. No. 14—9:05 p.m.—Daily. Ex. Sun. Local Freight No. 70—1:35 p.m.—Daily. Ex. Sun. C. M. & STANT. Agent.

Baltimore & Ohio R. R.
TIME TABLE.
IN EFFECT MARCH 15th, 1896.
East-Bound.

STATIONS.	7	5	3	11	6	8
CENTRAL TIME.	PM	AM	PM	AM	PM	AM
Lv. Chicago.....	5:15	9:00	1:00	4:00	8:30	10:15
"Delaware.....	5:41	9:26	1:26	4:26	8:56	10:41
"Monroeville.....	5:51	9:36	1:36	4:36	9:06	10:51
"Sandusky.....	6:00	9:45	1:45	4:45	9:15	11:00
"Mansfield.....	6:10	9:55	1:55	4:55	9:25	11:10
"Mt. Vernon.....	6:20	10:05	2:05	5:05	9:35	11:20
Lv. Newark.....	6:30	10:15	2:15	5:15	9:45	11:30
"Zanesville.....	6:40	10:25	2:25	5:25	9:55	11:40
"Wheeling.....	6:50	10:35	2:35	5:35	10:05	11:50
"Pittsburgh.....	7:00	10:45	2:45	5:45	10:15	12:00
"Washington.....	7:10	10:55	2:55	5:55	10:25	12:10
"Baltimore.....	7:20	11:05	3:05	6:05	10:35	12:20
"Philadelphia.....	7:30	11:15	3:15	6:15	10:45	12:30
"New York.....	7:40	11:25	3:25	6:25	10:55	12:40

PULLMAN SERVICE.
Chicago and Cleveland, Trains Nos. 14 and 15. Chicago and Pittsburgh, Trains Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

THE LIMA NORTHERN RAILWAY
TIME TABLE
EFFECTIVE JUNE 2, 1896.

No. 20 No. 2	STATIONS.	No. 1 No. 3
A. M. P. M.		A. M. P. M.
9:00 7:30	Lima.....	9:00 7:30
9:45 7:15	Calico.....	9:45 7:15
10:30 6:30	Columbus Grove.....	10:30 6:30
11:15 5:45	St. Charles.....	11:15 5:45
12:00 4:30	Lepre.....	12:00 4:30
12:45 3:45	Laurel.....	12:45 3:45
1:30 2:55	Maunabo.....	1:30 2:55
2:15 2:00	Napoleon.....	2:15 2:00
3:00 1:15	Waialeale.....	3:00 1:15

All trains daily except Sunday. Train No. 2 makes direct connection at Toledo with St. L. & N. Y. R. R. arriving at Toledo 10 p. m. No. 1 makes connection at Lima with Ohio Southern arriving at Lima 10:30 a. m. Washington C. H. at 12:25, Greenfield at 1:25, Waverly (making connection with N. Y. & B. for all points in the South) at 2:35 p. m. Wellington 4:15 p. m. Ohio Southern trains make connection at Lima for Toledo at 4:20 p. m. and for all points to Greenfield or intermediate stations in the same day. Before taking your next trip call on agents of the Lima Northern who will give you the new line.

THE OHIO SOUTHERN.
The only Direct Line Between Lima and Southern Ohio.

4.	2.	In Effect July 28, 96.	1.	3.
ex Su Ex Su			ex Su Ex Su	
P. M. A. M. P. M.			A. P. M. P. M.	
9:40 8:00	Lima.....	12:30 7:40	9:40 8:00	Lima.....
10:25 8:45	Unpitts.....	12:55 8:05	10:25 8:45	Unpitts.....
11:10 9:30	Jackson Center.....	1:30 8:40	11:10 9:30	Jackson Center.....
11:55 10:15	Quincy.....	2:05 9:15	11:55 10:15	Quincy.....
12:40 11:00	Springfield.....	2:40 9:50	12:40 11:00	Springfield.....
1:25 11:45	Greenfield.....	3:15 10:25	1:25 11:45	Greenfield.....
2:10 12:30	Washington C. H.....	3:50 11:00	2:10 12:30	Washington C. H.....
2:55 1:15	Island Grove.....	4:25 11:35	2:55 1:15	Island Grove.....
3:40 1:50	Greenfield.....	5:00 12:10	3:40 1:50	Greenfield.....
4:25 2:35	Thrifton.....	5:35 12:45	4:25 2:35	Thrifton.....
5:10 3:20	Bainbridge.....	6:10 1:20	5:10 3:20	Bainbridge.....
5:55 4:05	Napoleon.....	6:45 1:55	5:55 4:05	Napoleon.....
6:40 4:50	Glen Ash.....	7:20 2:30	6:40 4:50	Glen Ash.....
7:25 5:35	Jackson.....	7:55 3:05	7:25 5:35	Jackson.....
8:10 6:20	London.....	8:30 3:40	8:10 6:20	London.....
8:55 7:05	Condon.....	9:05 4:15	8:55 7:05	Condon.....
9:40 7:50	Wellston.....	9:40 4:50	9:40 7:50	Wellston.....

Train No. 1 makes direct connection at Springfield for all points East and West, and at Lima with Pennsylvania Lines East and West, with Quincy with Big Four Route. Connection at Lima with C. & E. D., arriving at Toledo at 4:20 p. m. Detroit 6:20 a. m. with C. & E. and Pennsylvania Lines, arriving at New York and Southern Ohio and Chicago and the Southwest. Train 2-Through Mail and Express between Lima and Southern Ohio. Train 3 makes quick time between Southern Ohio and all points North and North-west. Arrives at Chicago 7:25 a. m. Train No. 4 will save you several hours time between Lima, Springfield and Parkersburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, New York and Southern Ohio. For any information call on Ohio Southern agents or write, L. H. BLOCKBROUGH, G. F. A. O. S. R., Springfield, Ohio.



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ATLANTIC GENERAL.
2:25.



ATLANTIC GENERAL!
2:25, 2:30.

A Dark Bay, Standard and registered; foaled in 1886; weighs 1,200 lbs., 16 hands high. A good individual in every respect, and his record is no limit of his speed, as Frank Bogush has driven him a trial mile in 2:19, gave him his record in 2:25 and changed from a trot to the pace the next day and drove him a mile in 2:22 not asking him to go and had plenty of speed left, and for both ends he is as good a horse as there is in the State. Will make the season of 1896 at owner's barn in Harrison township, twelve miles east of Napoleon, on the South Side.
Terms—\$100 to insure a foal.
ATLANTIC GENERAL: By Atlantic 1893; record 2:21; sire of Atlantic King, 2:08; Dandy, 2:14; Jeff. Davis, 2:17; Alton L. P., 2:22; W. L. P., 2:30; Betsy Trotwood, 2:14; Arctus, 2:25; Pierpont King, 2:24; and others in 2:30 and better.
Atlantic General's dam: By Sall by Blazing Star, 5:00; of Sleepy Tom 2:28; and of the dam Dandy, 2:14; George W., 2:28; Second dam by John Richards.